WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, December 18, 1802. [No. 11.

MARIAN AND LYDIA.

(Continued from p. 74.)

"OH! my dear mother, she is lost to us; that gentleman whom we met"—

"Enough," said Dorcas, "I fully understand the extent of my misfortune; my Marian is dishonored, plunged in infamy; but I will not renounce her, she is my child.—Oh, Heavens! none but a parent can judge of the anguish that now harrows up my soul. But, my sweet Lydia, will you forsake your mother in her old age? will you leave her grey hairs to sink in sorrow to the grave, without a friend to cheer her last moments, without the gentle hand of filial love to close her dying eyes."

"Oh, no," cried Lydia, dropping on her knees, "never, never; when I forsake my honored mother, may Heaven regardless hear me when I pray, may I be cast out to sickness, pain, and poverty, without a friend to pity or relieve me."

Dorcas embraced her, and the stranger endeavored to dissipate the drops of humanity which were gathering in his eye. Lydia by degrees became more composed, and informed her mother of the obligations she was under to the gentleman who had accompanied her home.

"Oh! Sir," said Dorcas, "you are my friend and benefactor; had I lost my Lydia, I had lost my all; but say, by what name shall I remember you in my prayers?" "They call me Renfew, Earl of Landaff," said he. Dorcas started and turned pale—the Earl continued.—"Your sorrow has awakened in my breast every feeling of humanity, and if it is in my power to be of any service to you, command me, and I will exert it to the utmost."—"Alas! my dear Marian!" said Dorcas.—"I understand you," replied the Earl, "and wish I could restore her to you, but as that is not in my power, teach me by some other means to promote your happiness."

"My Lord," said Dorcas, "there is but one way to give the least satisfaction to this afflicted heart; leave the cottage immediately, nor ever attempt again to see or converse with Lydia."—"And why this cruel restriction?"—"Time, my Lord, perhaps may inform you with my reasons for acting thus. At present I cannot alledge the true cause, and will never stoop to a mean equivocation to excuse an action, which I am sensible is perfectly right.

The Earl was piqued, he bowed, and left the cottage.

"Lydia," said Dorcas, "if you love your mother, you will avoid the Earl of Landaff." "He is generous and humane" said Lydia. "Trust not to appearances," replied her mother, "when you shall learn a tale which I could tell you, you will then, like me, tremble at the name of Renfew."

Peace, with the speed of a courier, now fled from the mansion of Dorcas, affliction usurped her place, and with solemn pace each night walked with the solitary Lydia over those fields and meadows where she once had cheerfully tripped with her beloved Marian.

In one of these melancholy excursions she was accosted by the Earl of Landaff; she would have fled, but he prevented her, and in the most eloquent language true love could inspire, told her how dear she was to him, and how cruel he thought her mother, in refusing him the pleasure of her conversation.

"My mother," replied Lydia, "can be actuated by no motive but a wish to promote my happiness, I esteem you, my Lord, I shall ever remember you with gratitude, but my mother has forbid me to hold any conversation with you. Adieu, Sir, I often think of you, but will never have any intercourse with you."

"Stay, my sweet Lydia." said the Earl, "only say you do not hate me. I swear, dear maid, my designs are honorable, and if you will put yourself under my protection, a private marriage shall convince you how sincere my professions are,"

"My Lord," replied Lydia, "though I acknowledge myself honored by this declaration, I must decline accepting your offer; I know my rank in life is far beneath what would be expected in the bride of Landaff, but humble as I am, I will never become the wife of a man who would be ashamed publicly to own me as such; nor will I ever clandestinely converse with a person whom my mother has forbid me to see. My sister, I fear, by her disobedience, has rendered herself miserable, nor will I, by a like conduct, increase the affliction of my dear venerable parent."

Landaff expatiated on the many advantages attending wealth and splendor; Lydia heard him with silent contempt. He told her that his only wish was to make her happy.

"That is impossible, my lord," said she, "the heart of Lydia never can know happiness while her mother is in affliction, and her sister, perhaps, a miserable wanderer, exposed to all the wretchedness, want and infamy can entail on a fallen woman."

All farther persuasion was of no effect; Lydia continued firm in her resolution of not leaving her mother, and fearful of again meeting the importunate Earl, avoided for some time her favorite walk, confined herself to the harrow limits of their garden, and devoted her time entirely to comfort and cheer her afflicted parent.

The Earl finding no hope of success in drawing Lydia from her duty, and having too much regard for virtue to force himself into their solitude, with an intent to rob them of their only treasure, repaired to London, thinking time and absence would effectually banish her from his memory.

We will now leave Lydia, following her usual innocent avocations, and return to Marian, who was emerged in the vortex of fashionable folly.

When Sir George persuaded the unsuspecting Marian to leave her home, and trust to his honor for protection, she had no doubt but his design was to marry her; he had never told her so indeed, but surely he could mean nothing less—He had declared he loved her, and did not men always marry the women they loved? Thus, with fallacious hopes, did she quiet each rising fear, and by painting to herself the pleasure her mother and sister would experience when they should embrace her as Lady Lovemore, entirely obliterated the pain she felt in reflecting on the uneasiness they would suffer when her flight should be discovered.

Sir George had never formed an idea of making her his wife; he saw she was beautiful, he felt he loved her, and thought by lavishing on her riches and finery, to which she had hitherto been unaccustomed, to ensnare and lead her an easy victim to be sacrificed at the shrine of vice. To this end he forbore to take any liberty during their journey, which might alarm her, treated her with respect and tender attention; and when they arrived in London, placed her in an elegant lodging, with proper servants to wait on her, and left her to ruminate at leisure on the change in her situation.

The female attendant who was immediately about the person of Marian, was a girl who had formerly fallen a prey to the arts of Sir George, and now only enjoyed his bounty for reducing other hapless females to the horrid level with herself. She was wretched in the loss of her own virtue, and like the spoiler of mankind, exulted in every opportunity of robbing others of that blessing herself could no longer enjoy. She treated the innocent Marian with the most profound respect, led her through a suit of superb apartments, and told her, if she could think of any thing that would add to the elegance or beauty of the furniture, she need only mention her wishes to have them complied with. She next displayed a variety of elegant female apparel, toys, jewels, and other things proper to catch the attention of inexperienced youth, and kindle the glowing seeds of vanity into a flame that might consume her. She descanted on the beauty, gallantry, and generosity of Sir George, nor left the poor bewildered girl, 'till she had seen her in bed, and fast locked in the embraces of Morpheus.

Sophia, for that was the name of Marian's attendant, had learnt the part she was to act from an old woman, to whom Sir George had wrote the day before he left Gwinfred-hall. She knew it would not be prudent to give the artles girl any time for reflection, or to suffer her thoughts to recur to the friends she had left in Wales. She therefore entered her apartment at an earlier hour than is customary for town-bred ladies to rise, she was still asleep.

Sophia watched the moment of awaking, and hurrying her to rise prevented the intrusion of busy or perplexing thoughts. She was attired in a fashionable undress, and before she had sufficiently time to admire either herself or the beauty of the breakfast apparatus, Sir George was announced.

Marian was now hurried from one scene of dissipation to another for several days; she was introduced to a large circle of those unhappy women, who purchase ease and luxury at the price of honor.

She was charmed with the gaiety of their manners and the vivacity of their conversation. Their precepts, their example, corrupted her heart, and she began to think a life of licentious love (falsely termed a life of liberty) was alone a life of happiness. She forgot her afflicted mother, forgot her innocent affectionate sister, forgot every precept of virtue and religion, and fell a voluntary sacrifice to Sir George.

For many months folly wore the semblance of pleasure, and riot and intemperance were mistaken for felicity. But, alas! the wretched Marian too late awoke to a sense of her miserable situation.

Sir George, attracted by a newer face, forsook her, refused her pecuniary assistance, and even had the unfeeling villainy to betray her into the power of one of his libertine companions.

At first her grief was violent, but she had been taught a method to stifle the emotions of her heart by drowning her reason in repeated draughts of strong liquors. She was soon lost to every sense of shame, and from being once the admiration of the crowd wherever she moved, became an object of contempt, and sunk to the horrid state of common prostitution.

(To be continued.)

THE POET, THE BRAIN, THE PEN, AND THE INKSTAND.

[A Fable translated from the *Italian.*]

A POET obtained prodigious success: seated at his table, he indulged in the glorious idea of his triumph. This love of glory, common to all men, kindled in his heart a secret fire. The idea of the praises bestowed upon him made the blood circulate with violence through his veins: joy filled his entire being. His *Brain*, stung with jealousy, thus addressed him:—"You are indebted to me for your success. It was I who furnished the ideas which have gained you so much honor. Surely, without me, you could not have written a single word." The *Pen* overheard this claim to exclusive praise, and, full of indignation, thus addressed the *Brain*:—"What vanity! Without me, what could you have done with all your fine ideas and fine imagination? It is to me he is indebted for them; to me who have committed them to paper." The *Inkstand* then put in its word. "Without me, you could have written nothing. What could you have done, had I not bathed you in my ink?" The Poet, stunned with these clamors, which would tear from him all the glory he had acquired, said to them—"I am equally obliged to you all; to you, my Brain, for suggesting ideas; to you, my Pen, who wrote them; and to you, my Inkstand, who supplied the means to do so." Thus the dispute ended.

A few days after, the Poet published a new work; but its fate was the reverse of the former. Every body turned their backs upon him; some wrote satires, others made invectives against him. In a short time he became the laughing-stock of the world. The Poet then complained of his Brain for having suggested such nonsense. He flew into a passion against his Pen and Inkstand for having contributed to commit it to paper; but they all denied that any blame attached to them. The Brain said, he did not know how to chuse among the ideas which it had suggested. The Pen and Inkstand reproached him with being a bad Poet, alledging that they had done nothing but obey his will, and written only what he pleased. The poor unfortunate Poet had no other resource but to hold his tongue, and weep over his disgrace in solitude.

Such is the common fate of man. When an undertaking succeeds, all are anxious to claim a share in the event. But does it fail? Every body abandons him; nobody admits that he had any share in the business, and all maintain that the fault was entirely his own.

BRUTAL LUST PUNISHED.

WHEN Charles, Duke of Burgundy, possessed vast domains, he gave to Claudius Rhynsault, a German, who had served him well in his battles, the government of the capital of Guelderland. Rhynsault was no sooner provided with this employ, than he cast his eyes on Sapphira; a woman of exquisite beauty, who was married to a rich merchant of the city, whose name was Paul Danvelt. He tried all devices to procure an interview with her; but, informed of his designs, she did not fail to take every step to frustrate them. At length, the husband was thrown into prison under pretence that he had correspondence with the enemy. He was tried and condemned; but, the day before he was to be executed, Sapphira flew to implore the clemency of the Governor, who told her that she could only hope to save her husband's life, by yielding to his desires. Overwhelmed with grief, she returned to the prison, where she related to her husband all that had passed; and the combat she had sustained between her love for him, and the fidelity due to his bed. The husband ashamed to confess, what the fear of death suggested to him, let some words escape, which implied that he should not consider her dishonored by an action, in which he was persuaded her inclination had no share. With this direct prayer to save his life, she took leave of him, and the next day, presenting herself to the Governor, committed herself to his discretion. Rhynsault praised her beauty, expressed his joy, that he could now enjoy a free commerce with her, and told her, with an air cruelly gay, that she might release her husband from prison; but added, that she must not be angry, that he had taken steps to prevent him ever again being the obstacle of their rendezvous. These last words imported, what, on her arrival at the prison, she found to be fatally realized, the cruel monster had ordered her husband to be executed. Incensed with grief, she went to the Duke of Burgundy, to whom, in private, she presented a petition, containing a full recital of this fatal affair. The Duke read it with sensations of indignation and pity. Rhynsault was ordered to court, and confronted with Sapphira. The prince asked him if he knew that lady. Before he could recover his surprize, he said to the prince, that he would marry her, if his highness would look upon this proceeding as a just reparation of his crime. The Duke appeared satisfied, and ordered the marriage to be performed. He afterwards said to the Governor, "You are now married from constraint; but I do not believe that you will ever have a tender affection for your wife, or, at least, that you will bequeath your property, for her full enjoyment, after your death." When the articles were drawn up, the Duke said to the lady, "I have only now to put you in possesion of the wealth, which your husband, by his will, designs for you." And therefore he commanded that Rhynsault should be put to death."

An Incident in High Life.

THE Bucks had din'd, and deep in council sat;
Their wine was brilliant—but their wit grew flat:
Upstarts his lordship, to the window flies,
And lo! 'a race! a race!' in rapture cries:
'Where?' quoth Sir John: 'Why, see two drops of rain
'Start from the summit of the crystal pane:
'A thousand pounds! which drop with nimblest force
'Performs its current down the slippery course.'
The bets were fix'd, the sire suspense they wait
For victory, pendant on the nod of fate.
Now down the sash, unconscious of the prize,
The bubbles roll——like pearls from Chloe's eyes.
But ah! the glitt'ring joys of life are short!
How oft two jostling steeds have spoil'd the sport!
Lo! thus attraction, by coercive laws,
Th' approaching drops into *one* bubble draws.
Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project cross'd;
How hard their lot, who neither won or lost.

ON ATTEMPTING TO SUPPLY THE DECAYS OF NATURE BY THE ADVENTITIOUS AID OF ART.

VANITY, is doubtless, one of those impelling incitements which are neither to be repressed nor restrained; or we should not have the opportunity of observing so many proofs of its influence, when every trace of beauty is totally decayed.

How often do we see age and decrepitude imitating the fashions and manners of girls of sixteen, and, instead of rendering itself respectable by a gravity of deportment, endeavoring to attract the attentions of every man it meets! Corinda is one of those ridiculous characters that appear only to live for the purpose of being admired; and, though she cannot have had any pretensions to beauty for these five-and-twenty years, seems to fancy, that to captivate she need only to be seen. Her complexion, which was never remarkable for its transparency, time and dissipation have totally destroyed; yet this defect is supplied by a variety of cosmetics, and every wrinkle covered by a coat of paint. Her hair, which age has completely silvered, is entirely concealed by an auburn wig; and her teeth, which were tinged with a hue of sable, have been compelled to give place to those which are proof against decay. I shall not attempt to describe the variety of encroachments upon the privileges of Nature which are frequently made, but shall merely observe, that these artificial attractions always defeat their design, by being too palpably displayed.

Every season of life has its separate enjoyments; the imbecile sports of infancy give place to the lively joys of youth; and these are succeeded by those refined gratifications attached to manhood's more exalted state. Nor is age devoid of its pleasurable sensations; for, though they may be less exquisite, they are more confined; and a well-stored mind supplies the place of variety, and proves an interesting source of entertainment and delight. But when folly and fashion counteract the designs of Nature, and vanity becomes the concomitant of age, it loses all claim to regard and attention, and becomes an object of ridicule, rather than esteem.

This excess of vanity, and proof of weakness, is not peculiarly attached to either sex; and many instances might be brought to prove the truth of the assertion, and to prevent the censure from being merely confined to the Fair. Philander has passed his grand climacteric, or, in other words, has numbered his five-and-fiftieth year; yet his chief attention is devoted to the care of his person, and in surpassing his cotemporaries by a display of his taste. He, doubtless, possesses those elegant accomplishments which give an air of fashion and an appearance of ease; and his manners are formed upon the Chesterfield principles, which seldom fail to captivate and please.

As time has began to shower his frosts upon him, and the ebon color of his hair is changed, a black-lead comb is forced to counteract his influence, and the ruddy glow of youth is supplied by paint. His person which he thought might have vied with the Grecian Apollo's, is now obliged to submit to artificial aid; and the elegant turned calf is ingeniously constructed, so as to supply the ravages which years have made.

How despicable in the eyes of a rational being, are those characters which appear to have no higher purpose or aim, than to make themselves attractive by an elegant appearance, instead of establishing their credit upon an exalted name! What can be more mortifying to a mind of sensibility, than to know it is admired merely because it can entertain? It seems to place human nature upon a level with puppets, who, for the sake of amusement, are placed upon the stage. As we all must retire from this theatre of action when the trumpet of Death proclaims our defeat, we ought to lay up a stock of those virtuous propensities which will be the means of reconciling us to the gloomy retreat; and, instead of suffering our thoughts to be devoted to the allurements of vanity, place them upon a more permanent and gratifying scene.

THE STONE-CUTTER'S LETTER TO A YOUNG WIDOW OF A KNIGHT, LATELY DECEASED.

DIVINE FLINT,

WERE you not harder than agate, the chisel of my love, drove by the mallet of my fidelity, would have some impression on your heart. I, that have chafed, as I pleased, the most untoward substances, hoped by the compass of reason, the plummet of discretion, the saw of constancy, the soft file of kindness, and the polish of good words, to have modelled you into one of the prettiest models in the world: but, alas! I find you are a very flint, that shoots fire, and sets us in a blaze, though you are as cold as the marble in my shop. Alas! must I that have made so many hard matters yield, now see the edge of my endeavors turned and blunted. Why should you despise my profession? Pray, were not Praxyteles and Phydias statuaries, and consequently, stone-cutters as well as I? and yet their names have outlived by two or three thousand years, most of those whose statues they have made, and will be famous hereafter, when a thousand little dub'd *mortals' memories will wear out sooner than the cloaths that mourn their deaths, and be utterly lost, to all that never go to church to read their epitaphs. Methinks then, we, to whom they owe the eternity of their names, should be reckoned the nobler of the two: and indeed, what can be greater, than out of stock and stone to make princes, kings, saints, and I may add, even gods themselves. But what need have we to stand upon extraction? am not I a man six foot high? well made, and young? are not you a lady, a widow, and at your own disposal? and did not the noble lady, your cousin* LOVELY, *marry her groom? and Lady* LONGFORTH, *her coachman? and my pretty Lady* HASTY *her postillion? another fancied her butler; and another her footman. Again, as for our sex, how many dignified sparks owe their wives to the dairy, the laundry, or the kitchen? and how many are still proffering honorable love to their cook-maids? Recal then my banishment, noble widow, or I shall finish my days with my own compass; but first I will erect my own monument, and inscribe it with this epitaph——*

Under this stone lies the Cutter,
Who long purr'd like a cat in a gutter,
For a widow worse than tartar,
And at last is dead—her martyr.

If my poetry is not so good as it ought to be, you must attribute it to my passion, for I know not what I either say or do. If I go to make a dragon, *I strike out a* Cupid. *Instead of a* church font *for baptism, I make an apothecary's* mortar. *A death's head for a Venus, &c. &c.*

Dear, dear pillar of my hopes, pedestal of my comforts, and cornice of my joy, upon your pity I build all the happiness of my tabernacle. I am ready to erect statues to your generosity, monuments, obelisks, and pyramids to your glory. Let it not be said, that your cruelty hath cut off

THE STONE CUTTER.

MANNERS OF THE PEASANTRY, DWELLINGS, COSTUME, AND PERSONAL STATE OF THE IRISH MOUNTAINEERS.

(Concluded from p. 75.)

THE Irish peasant, but especially the mountaineer, protects his parents in the decline of their years. The mothers assist in nursing, carding, or spinning; the fathers hobble about the farms, directing the young men at their work. At night, the best and easiest seat is appropriated to the ancient father and mother, and the most nutritious food in the house is served up to them. It really is an edifying and lovely sight to behold the respectful attention paid by those peasants to their aged parents, while the grand-children are taught to address them in the most endearing language, nay to crave their blessing, and supplicate the deity for them in prayer.

Nor does the filial love of the Irish mountaineer expire with his parents. He closes their eyes, attends their remains to the tomb with grateful sorrow, and occasionally visits the grave of those who gave him being, and bedews it with his tears. From such a disposition, what excellent virtues might be produced with proper cultivation! but, alas! ignorance and superstition contract those faculties with lethargic torpor, and many an excellent mind is buried in those remote regions, like the diamond in the mine.

Let us for a moment turn our attention from these wild scenes, to another that approaches nearer to the elegance of civilized society, and conclude this account with a short description of the subjacent country.

Ravensdale is a fertile valley, about seven miles north-west of Carlingford. It lies at the bottom of the great chain of mountains whose inhabitants we have described. This lofty and majestic range shelters the vale from the north and east winds. Ravensdale lies open to the southern and western breezes, and is beautified by a large river, which runs from north to south, skirting the fields with the liveliest verdure along the western side. This river empties itself into Dundalk bay, which is about two miles distant.

An excellent road has been made along the bottom of the mountains, on the eastern side of the vale; and there are five bleach-mills on the banks of the river, with several acres around, each covered with whitening linen: here a number of bleachers at work enliven the landscape, and give an air of business to the scene, while several handsome mansions, adorned with gardens and shrubberies, exhibit a charming variety.

This cheerful scene is contrasted by the wild sublimity of the mountains, which swell in natural grandeur, empurpled by the blooming heath, and brightened by the yellow blossoms of furze. Translucent streams flow in many cascades down the sides of the mountains, and appear with peculiar beauty and lustre when the evening sun shines upon them.

Towards the north, Ravensdale-park displays a beautiful assemblage of picturesque objects. A variety of trees, particularly fir, oak, and laurel, bloom along the sloping side of the highest mountain, with vistas at different intervals which give a view of the river winding along amid the level meadows below. A cascade, which falls over a rock, is precipitated about forty feet perpendicular into a bason, where it foams and murmurs away in a stream that joins the river. Several gravel walks conduct the rambler through the mazes of the wood; and seats painted green, placed at different distances, invite to rest and contemplation. The peak of the mountain above Ravensdale-park is crowned with a vast pyramidical cairn or heap of stones, probably raised to perpetuate some great event. This cairn is discoverable at the distance of many miles, and adds greatly to the magnificence of the airy steep.

The rural grandeur of this mountain scene, and the softer features of natural beauty smiling in the sunny meadows, and sparkling on the gliding river below, is contrasted by an opposite mountain, which is so barren that it presents nothing but an irregular mass of rocks and loose stones, which appear in broken curves, with here and there a stunted thorn, vegetating on the surface of the steril soil.

Such are the primitive manners of the Irish mountaineers of Leinster; and such the rich and picturesque country adjacent, which is inhabited by an industrious and refined race of people, as distinct from the former as if they lived in a distant region of the globe.

THE CIRCASSIANS.

HISTORY, travellers, romance, have extolled the beauty of the Circassians, and yet they have not exceeded the truth. The world has for a long time regarded beauty as an imaginary being—a mere arbitrary existence. The supporters of this extravagant idea have sought to justify it, by saying, that what is handsome in the eyes of one nation is not so in the eyes of another; that a Chinese beauty would be as little attractive in France as a French beauty in China: the beauty of the Circassians is an answer to this mode of reasoning. These women are beautiful in the eyes of all nations; they are sought after in all parts of the world: they bear the sway in all the seraglios of Asia, Africa, and Europe, because they possess that union of pleasing features, that just proportion in all the parts of the body, that freshness, those brilliant colors, that *tout ensemble* which cannot be defined, but which yet exists, and necessarily constitutes beauty, since all men pay it homage.

This is almost the only point of view in which the inhabitants of Circassia, a country between the Caspian and the Black Sea, deserve to fix the attention. It may be easily conceived, that a people who consider woman as a mere article of merchandise cannot make her their companion, nor see in marriage an indissoluble union. The Circassians, accordingly, have several wives, and change them at pleasure; the first wife, however, still retains over the rest a pre-eminence, of which she cannot be divested, and which she preserves till death.

This first wife, who is generally of extreme youth, is purchased, like the rest, in the public markets, where an innumerable multitude of women are exposed to sale. They never enquire from whence she comes. If they ask the name of her parents, it is only to learn whether she be of a race pure and renowned for its beauty. The ordinary price of a fine Circassian female is from eight to ten thousand piastres.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

SWITZERLAND.

By the Batavian mail which arrived at London, accounts have been received that considerable indignation had been excited throughout Switzerland, in consequence of citizens Mulliman and Setteler, whom the Patriots had sent as Deputies to Paris, having been refused audience of the consul, or of the Ministers.

Letters of a subsequent date mention, that the insurgents are returning to their residences, and the central government to Berne. The two auxiliary demi-brigades, which are to form the garrison of that town, are already arrived there. The army of observation, assembled in the vicinity of Huninguen, makes no movements. Some members of the Helvetic government, propose, we are informed, to give in their resignations.

Address of the council of war of the league to the brave Swiss, their brothers in arms.

"Friends and brothers, when you separated yourselves from your wives, your children, your fathers, and your friends, to conquer for your children, liberty, independence and prosperity, you abandoned with alacrity and courage your cottages, and your flocks.—This idea, "the God of our fathers is with us, and protects us," gave you force to brave all the dangers, and to despise the fatigues of war. You quitted with songs your mountains and vallies, to enter into the field and defend the cause of liberty and your country. The Almighty blessed your arms, and heard the just wishes of a nation known only by its rectitude, and which had armed for its liberty and independence. Our enemies, our oppressors, the *soi-disant* Helvetic government, with its feeble party, have been chased almost to the frontiers of the confederate Cantons.

"But, brothers and friends, we have received a notification, that if we did not by our conduct give proofs of an entire confidence in the first consul of the powerful nation of France, who has caused a declaration to be made by his envoy general Rapp, to our fathers assembled at Schwitz, that he wishes to interpose as mediator in the war which we carry on against the odious Helvetic government, we should be compelled to it by the victorious arms of the French warriors. Brothers, friends, confederates, who among us could conceive the thought of menacing ourselves with the numerous and experienced armies of France? No, friends, no; we wish to await peaceably the determination of the first consul, and with that order, that moderation, and that discipline, which have hitherto guided your steps, you will receive, we are convinced, the farther orders of your superiors, of your general, and even, if it should be necessary, you will return to your residences, in order that our country may not be exhausted by the entrance of foreign troops; that we may not be deprived of the scanty harvest of this year, which we hoped to consume with our children; and that we may not be plunged into indigence and misery. It is only the Helvetic government, directed by its passions and its private interest, that could call in the aid of foreign troops: we, who took up arms only for our country and tranquility, have no need of troops to attain our object. But, relying on our conduct, we dare to hope, that the first consul of France, who has guaranteed our independence, and who has been deceived by false reports, will, as soon as he shall have been informed of the true state of things, take measures, which will secure our honor, and the prosperity and independence of our country. May the Almighty deign to grant this, who has caused us to make an important step towards our future happiness, and crowned our arms with his benediction."

BERNE, OCTOBER 18.

The Senate has returned to this city. It was received amidst the discharge of artillery. In its progress from Lausanne to Berne it experienced no obstacles.

The constitutional authorities are resuming their functions, and the Cantons nominating their deputies to Paris. After some long debates the diet of Schwitz has dissolved itself. The insurgent troops are disbanding and returning to their respective cantons. Their retreat and disbanding are effected in the greatest order; some incendiaries, however, continue united in the mountains.

The French minister accompanied the Senate in its return. There was no other diplomatic agent in Switzerland, because France was the only power which had acknowledged our republic; and, hence, it was from her alone that we could hope for a generous intervention to prevent the inevitable disasters which threatened us.

BELFAST, OCTOBER 10.

It is always with a mingled sentiment of concern and contempt, that we read in the British Prints, those overcharged characters, in which they seldom miss an occasion to ridicule our blunders, or aggravate our barbarity. We have had occasion to animadvert more than once, on the brutality of *their* higher orders, in countenancing those pugilistic *entertainments*, from which Cannibals alone would seem entitled to reap gratification. We are of late furnished by every paper, with examples of another practice, which, in a Country whose Good Morals are a part of its Common Law, ought not to be suffered with impunity —*The Public Sale, in open Markets, of Wives and Children, by their Husbands and Fathers.* Where there is a Court of King's Bench, whose jurisdiction embraces all offences, *contra bonos mores*, that a practice so destructive of morality should be openly permitted, argues that there is, some where, a very reprehensible supineness in enforcing an observance of those morals, without a regard to which, all legal restrictions lose their efficacy.

News of St. Domingo, received at Philad.

On Monday arrived at Philadelphia the brig Hannah and Sally, capt. Sulger, 26 days from Cape Francois. He sailed on the 16th November, but was brought to and detained until the 17th. On the morning of the 18th he heard the firing of guns, which he supposed to be a *feu de joye* occasioned by the arrival of General Rochambeau, with 400 troops from Port Republican. The inhabitants of the Cape are in the greatest consternation, and every hour apprehensive of an attack from the brigands, whose main force under Clervaux and Christophe, occupy a situation about 12 miles from the Cape. Capt. S. confirms the account of the surrender of Gonaives, Petit Guave, and Fort Dauphin; and adds, that St. Marks had capitulated. Nothing but a want of ammunition prevents the Brigands from renewing their attack upon the Cape; and we are confident, from our information, that fresh scenes of horror will soon be enacted.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, December 18, 1802.

For the accommodation of literary correspondents, a box for the reception of letters is placed at the gate-way to the office of the VISITOR, No. 90, William-Street, where communications will be thankfully received.

LIST OF DEATHS IN THIS CITY,

The city clerk reports the death of 33 persons during the week ending on the 12th inst. viz. of Nervous Fever 2—Quinsey Sore throat 1—Jaundice 1—Consumption 3—Small Pox 6—Relax 2—Child-bed 1—Sudden 1—Chincough 1—Hives 2—Dropsy 2—Syphilus 1—Hydrathame 1—Phthisis Pulmonalis 1—Died in the street 1—Accidental 1—Decline 2—and of diseases not mentioned 6—Of the whole number, 23 were adults, and 12 children.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

On Thursday afternoon as a man of genteel appearance was passing along Beekman-street, he was attacked by a cow, and, notwithstanding his endeavor to avoid her, and the means he used to beat her off, we are sorry to say that he was so much injured as to be taken up dead. The cow was afterwards killed in William-street. We have not been able to learn the name of the deceased. *Dai. Ad.*

At a meeting of the N. York State Society of the Cincinnati, held at the city of N. York, on the 15th of Dec. 1802,

The society perceiving that their fellow citizens have uniformly manifested, in common with themselves, sentiments of the most profound veneration for the virtues and public services of the late General Washington, and a strong inclination to perpetuate those sentiments, by some lasting public testimonial, have thought it would not be deemed improper, considering the relation in which they stood to that exalted man, to propose a plan for this purpose, and have it executed, under their direction.

Therefore, *Resolved*,

I. That an EQUESTRIAN STATUE of Bronze, of the late General Washington, resembling the original, ought to be erected in a proper part of the square, called the Park, in the city of New-York.

II. That the statue shall have such *elevations, inscriptions*, and *ornaments*, as shall be directed by the committee hereafter appointed.

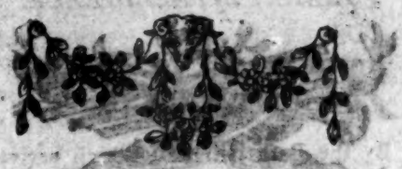
III. That a committee of superintendance be appointed by this society, to consist of five members who are authorised to carry into execution the proposed plan.

IV. That in order to defray the expence of erecting the statue, a sum of $30,000 at least should be raised. That the same be by subscription, and collected from such of the citizens of this state as may be disposed to contribute, under the direction of the committee of superintendance, who are to begin their collection on the third day of January next. And that every citizen may have an opportunity to contribute towards the erection of this testimony of public esteem, for the Father of his country, there shall be persons employed to go to each house in the different wards of the city, with subscription lists, on which shall be enrolled the name of each subscriber, the place of his abode, and the sum subscribed, which shall be afterwards fairly transcribed into a book, under the direction of the committee: the original lists to be preserved by this society, and the said book to be deposited in the office of the Clerk of the Corporation of the city, there to remain as a memorial of the transaction to posterity.

V. That all sums of money subscribed, shall be paid at the time of subscribing, and shall be deposited in the branch bank of the U. S. in the names of the said committee, and their successors, members of the said committee, to be drawn for by any three of them, from time to time, for the sole purpose above-mentioned.

VI. That the committee of superintendance prepare and publish an address to the public, explaining the nature and purpose of the intended erection, and soliciting the liberality of the citizens to enable them to render this monument worthy of the *illustrious original*, to whose memory it is dedicated, and of the rich and populous city it will embellish.

The following gentlemen were appointed members of the committee of superintendance, viz.——*Nicholas Fish, John Stagg, Jun. Mathew Clarkson, Jas. Fairlie, and Ebenezer Stevens.*



HAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,
SO SWEET AS BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE!

Marriages.

On Sunday evening, Mr. A. Gautier, jun. to Miss M. Binninger, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, Mr. Elijah Cornell, merchant, to Miss Mary Willis, both of this city.

At New Braintree, Mr. Roger Grainger, to Miss Eliza Goodenough.

At Halifax, Mr. Samuel Mulehead to Miss Catharine Rose.

At Baltimore, Mr. Nicholas Merryman, to Miss Charlotte Worthington.

Deaths.

On Saturday, the 27th ult. after a tedious illness, John B. Ashe, lately elected Governor of N. Carolina.

In Connecticut, Mr. Thomas Stoughton, aged 91: he has had 13 children, 77 grand children, 167 great grand children, and 20 of the 5th generation.

At Middletown, Mr. Jonathan Thayer, aged 102 years and 10 months.

At Cape Francois, Gen. Le Clerc, after an illness of 5 days: his body was embalmed, and sent to France, accompanied by Mde. Le Clerc, sister to Bonaparte.

The day after, Mungo Mung, a black: his body was embalmed in the ocean, accompanied by hundreds more.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening, Dec. 20, will be presented,

A COMEDY, in 5 Acts, called,

Lovers' Vows.

To which will be added,

The Liar.

THE

Seven Ages of Woman,

OR, BELLES HAVE AT YE ALL.

A Parody on Shakspeare's Seven ages of Man: recited and sung by Miss Cartwright.

THE "world's a stage," and true the saying—
For many parts we're always playing—
Some boast of country-seats for *scenery*,
Of *dress*, and very fine *machinery*;
While several of inferior station,
Know nothing about *decoration*—
How many can *full* BOXES *draw*,
Make their appearance with eclat;
While others can't assist no parts,
But, like poor *strollers*, "fret their hours."
For COMEDY, the ball-room enter,
Thalia reigns there in the centre!
For TRAGEDY, see many a mourner—
And FARCE you'll find in ev'ry corner!

Thus, "players all," as Shakspeare says,
The "men and women," 'tis a fact—
And one man "seven ages" plays,—
As many too the women act.
Since players, like the men we find them,
They must have *characters* assign'd them,
While this great world the *stage* is,
Be it my present effort then,
To prove, as well as gentlemen,
They have their seven ages.

And now the *curtain rises*, and discovers,
A pretty babe, amidst parental lovers!
The *scene*—a cradle!—such the infant age!
When Miss *appears the first time on the stage!*
Now gossips throng around the little creature,
They find the mother out in ev'ry feature.
Now silver bells, for joy and pleasure ring,
And thus the nurse begins to talk and sing.

[*Makes a doll of her gown, and mimicks a nurse.*

The next scene now a boarding-school discloses,
And Miss in many situations shows us—
She must have braces, to prevent round shoulders,
To keep her head up, and attract beholders.
How great her grief, when put close in a corner,
The *fool's cap* on! for little fools to scorn her!
That's soon forgot, when breaking-up is near,
When a plumb-cake or birth-day brings good cheer;
Then o'er the play-ground now she trips most gay,
Or with a *skipping-rope* drives care away;
But care returns—the writing-master comes—
And Mr. Roundhand teases one with sums;
The dancing-master next—and Debonair,
Monsieur Coupee now leads her with an air.

A visit then from Signor the orator,
And Arzonelli puts his lessons over.

[*Here is introduced an Italian song.*

Miss in her teens, commences her third age,
She's all the *ton*—whatever is the rage;
She leers, she smiles, she plays too with her fan—
In short, she studies all the arts she can,
To catch the ogling of some fav'rite man!
So hints the poet, or I much mistake,
That "ev'ry woman is a beauty at a rake!"
Now queen of fashion, she's admir'd by all,
At concert, play-house, opera, or ball.

The fourth age a romantic novel seems,
Heigho! she sighs all day—all night she dreams!
Has sworn is false'ry, wednesday! another
Less dear, propos'd by father or by mother;
What stolen interviews!—what vows of love,
Are witnessed by the moon and stars above!
Are there no means of this? Love gives the hint,
Elopement is a word of note in print;
She runs away—is married—what a fuss—
But she returns, and seeks forgiveness thus,

[*Song, kneeling.*

The fifth age is attended with cares,
Domestic troubles—family affairs!
A widow now, in sable weeds, good lack!
She'd give the world to have her husband back.

But the sixth age this matron may remove,
May bless our heroine with a second love;
The *Dramatis personæ* are encreas'd—
With sons and daughters is the table grac'd;
Each to the father runs, to little Hal,
While the mamma is mistress to Sal.

And now the matron forms the seventh age,
When *whist* and dear *codille* her thoughts engage;
One wags her tongue as long as ever she can,
Thus finding fault with her grand-daughter Ann:

[*Mimicks an old woman's voice and manner.*

"Fie, fie, now Miss, indeed you are too wild,
I never did the like at your age, child;
You must not go abroad—why, are you mad?
The girls do nothing now-a-days but gad.
Ah, lord, be with the time when I was young,
I staid at home, and work'd the whole day long."

[*Sung, in an old woman's manner.*

Now the catastrophe, alas! draws near,
Bah! rheumatism! pains in the bones! oh dear!
The doctor enters, and his fee he takes,
Her pulse he feels, and thus his head he shakes:

[*Imitates a doctor taking snuff, &c.*

Great danger—humph! no hopes!—no, none he thinks,
The *trap-door* opens, and my lady sinks!
She's play'd her seven acts, while some play bill—
Let your applause then be her *epitaph*.

FINALE.

All the world's a stage indeed,
All our acts are seven ages—
'Tis decreed that there we stop,
All our acts are seven ages,
And the *curtain* then must *drop*.
Exit, lady, all is over,
Let applause her failings cover,
Or her *scene lies on the shelf*;
Let applause her failings cover,
Exit then with joy myself.

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